THE
NATION

APRIL 16, 1960 . . 25c

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SOUTH AFRICA'S RUBICON

Gwendolen M. Carter

SMALL-ARMS RACE

Balance of Terror (Junior Grade)

Stanley Meisler

N

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LETTERS

Latter-Day Lewis

Dear Sirs: "Hoffa in the Garden," by N. E. Parmentel, Jr., is another example of your fair and objective coverage. . . . Mr. Parmentel's comparison of Hoffa to Lewis is very much in order. We who are old enough should remember that Lewis . . . was called a "traitor" and a "murderer of our sons" in his heyday.

But what made Mr. Parmentel say that Hoffa's ideas have "corporate-state implications"? Norman Thomas recently said of Hoffa: "He has an instinctive affinity for the little man."

WILLIAM Z. COHEN

New York City

[*Mr. Cohen is president of the Merchandising and distribution Employees Union Local 210, affiliated with the Teamsters.*]

Who Is the Murderer?

Dear Sirs: Your timely editorial of March 26, "Must Chessman Die?", should help awaken America's conscience to the facts surrounding killing and the moral values in modern life. . . . The act of the murderer is not an isolated performance. It is the culmination of factors for which he is not responsible: the character and education of his parents, their financial situation, his environment, his possible frustrations in attempting to live a normal conventional life. . . . Actually, does not the state take the line of least resistance, the easiest way, in imposing execution?

Organized society — the state — must share the responsibility for permitting conditions that spawn crime. If it recognized this responsibility, it would not only abolish capital punishment, but throw its energies into the rehabilitation of the criminal, treating him as the sick victim of a society he never made. . . .

JULIAN FAHY

Washington, D.C.

Wrong Address

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Must Chessman Die?", is in the highest traditions of liberalism and of *The Nation*.

We must recognize that there is one man who can wield the most influence on the California State Supreme Court to reverse its 4-3 recommendation of February 18 against clemency: Governor Brown. Never in the history of California has the State Supreme Court refused to concur in a governor's decision to commute. Wouldn't we (in the letter-writing campaign you urge our consciences to foster) be better advised to communicate directly with the Governor than to write to the Justices, who are much less responsive to public pressure?

It sometimes seems to me that liberals want to protect Governor Brown from the controversy raging around Chessman. But I am convinced that we are not doing the Governor a favor when, by relieving him of immediate pressure, we lead him to believe that public revulsion following Chessman's execution will be centered on the Supreme Court as the responsible body, and not on him.

ISADORE ZIFERSTEIN, M.D.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Was There a 'Leak'?

Dear Sirs: I was interested to read the following on page 218 of your issue of March 12: "Now here is what is not generally realized on this side of the water. General Norstad had no authority to order Herr Strauss to desist" (from arranging West German military bases in Spain). "All that he could do was *leak the story to The New York Times*."

This (italicized above) is a facile but unwarranted misstatement of fact, and I am astonished that you should print it without, it would seem, the slightest effort at verification. Since the story of Spanish-West German negotiations was "broken" in my column in *The New York Times* of February 22, I feel qualified to call to your attention the following:

The Spanish press announced, as positively as your magazine, that this was the result of a deliberate "leak" from M. Spaak, NATO's Secretary General. The German press announced that the British had "leaked" the news for deliberate political reasons. French publications have gone to great pains to explain how and why United States diplomats "leaked" the news.

Obviously, someone is wrong, including *The Nation*. Normally, however, *The Nation* takes greater pains to check its information than does *Arriba* in Madrid.

C. L. SULZBERGER

Paris

Mr. Sulzberger reached his present eminence among foreign correspondents not only because of his ability, but because diplomats have learned that he will always protect his sources. To have checked with Mr. Sulzberger, in this instance, could only have drawn a thoroughly understandable denial. As for checking with General Norstad, the NATO chief would have even more reason, if possible, than Mr. Sulzberger to deny or to refuse comment; even if the General were in a position to withstand the wrath of Herrn Strauss and Adenauer, the prospect of facing an extremely articulate band of Mr. Sulzberger's indignant fellow-journalists would surely give him pause.

In any case, Mr. Sulzberger is to be congratulated for having broken one of the big stories of 1960. — ED.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

325 ●

ARTICLES

327 ● South Africa's Rubicon
by GWENDOLEN M. CARTER

330 ● The Young Tycoons
by MALCOLM ROSS

332 ● Small-Arms Race
by STANLEY MEISLER

335 ● Those Pretty Little Pills
by DAVID L. COWEN

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

339 ● Plea for a New Reformation
by GABRIEL VAHANIAN

340 ● Ignorant, Soulless and Amateur
by DAVID CORT

341 ● A Work of Conscience
by CHARLES H. FOSTER

341 ● Second Impressions
by ROBERT M. WALLACE

342 ● As I Forget (poem)
by T. WEISS

343 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN

344 ● Music
by LESTER TRIMBLE

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 344)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Lester Trimble, Music

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1960
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Catholic Dilemma

"Wisconsin Vote Showed Kennedy's Strength Centered in Catholic Areas," the headline reads. The New York *Herald Tribune* surely cannot be accused of anti-Catholicism, or even of undue emphasis on the question of religion in politics. Nor did either Senator Kennedy or Senator Humphrey try to gain political advantage from the fact that one happens to be a Catholic, the other a Protestant. Yet the issue obtrudes itself. The normal processes of democracy involve pressure groupings: whatever the ideal, no one gets anything in a democracy without asking for it. Catholic voters cannot be blamed for voting for a Catholic primarily because he is a Catholic, as long as the tradition persists that a Catholic cannot be elected President. It makes them, if not second-class citizens, not quite first-class ones either. They would not be human if they did not resent it, and they would not be Americans if they didn't try to do something about it. If they once did elect a President, the divisions among them would become evident and more articulate for, even as Protestants and Jews, they are rich and poor, enlightened and benighted, small-business-minded or big-business-minded, and so on.

That one Catholic group can attack another the history of Tammany Hall amply attests. In that organization, and in others, Catholics of different races and backgrounds live together in uneasy and not necessarily enduring alliances. But it is equally certain that there will be a "Catholic vote" on a national scale until the first Catholic President is elected — which can be only with massive non-Catholic support. Until then, the Catholic contender — and the rest of us as well — must cope as best we can with the inevitable enthusiasm of the candidate's co-religionists and the counter-pressures that their enthusiasm is bound to generate. It may be unfortunate, but that is the way by which a democracy learns to overcome the ancient, intractable divisions of race and religion.

Christians and Afrikaners

For Christians who take Christianity seriously, things must be almost as tough in the Union of South Africa today as they were for the Jews under Hitler. The Anglican archbishop, Jooste de Blank, being still at liberty, was asked about reports of growing anti-Christian feeling among Africans. "I'm not surprised," he said. "Stanley and Livingston promised commerce and Christianity to the Africans. They've got commerce, but they've not seen Christianity." Dr. Ambrose Reeves, the Anglican bishop of Johannesburg, another opponent of South Africa's frenetic segregationist policies, was no longer around to be interviewed. Advised by senior diocese members that he was about to be arrested, he fled to the British protectorate of Swaziland, where he is no doubt working up some communistic deviltry against Prime Minister Hendrik F. Verwoerd and his machine gunners. If this sounds strange to the outside world, it is perfectly reasonable to the leaders of the Afrikaner master race. It is their official doctrine (echoed among their counterparts in our own South) that resistance to apartheid is one of the protean forms of communism.

The Afrikaners may finally get what they are looking for — revolution. "Is this the revolution which people have been expecting in South Africa?" Colin Legum asks in the London *Observer*. He concludes that it is 1905 (in Russian terms), the forerunner to 1917. But 1917 is coming, unless the Alan Patons and the de Blanks, the Reeves and the Luthulis can avert it, and the time for that is growing short. For Chief Luthuli — a moderate and a Christian and a most distinguished human being — is losing his following; the counter-Afrikaners among the Africans are taking over. Racism is colliding with racism. Luthuli, once a lay preacher himself, is in jail, and so is John Brink, a white Liberal leader in whose home he was arrested. Norman Phillips of the Toronto *Star* had a talk with Luthuli before the arrest. "Have you ever met Prime Minister Verwoerd?" Phillips asked. "No," said Luthuli. "Nor have I ever had the privilege of meeting any Member of Parliament from his Nationalist Party or the opposition United Party." "And what do you and the African National Congress want?" Phillips asked. "A stake in the government of our country, the vote on a universal franchise, civil rights, all democracy has to give. . . . We want the government to negotiate with us."

This will not do at all, of course. It is much easier to shoot than to negotiate, and the commerce that Arch-

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bishop de Blank mentioned, based on African slave labor, leather whips and native townships unfit for dogs to live in — that commerce must be defended at all costs. But there are guns elsewhere in Africa, and the Union has borders, a seacoast, and airspace. The Christians and their allies, seeking a Christian solution, have their work cut out for them. (See "South Africa's Rubicon," page 327, this issue.)

Shut Up, Please

It has become a national habit to hold a White House Conference on Children and Youth in the first year of each decade. Their history is not too encouraging, since the problems which enfevered the 1930, 1940 and 1950 conferences are still with us. Perhaps, however, the grand confabulation of 1960 will be found to have accomplished a useful purpose, namely, the establishment of the principle (which might well be incorporated in a Constitutional amendment) that age in itself does not confer the right to give advice. This latest conference was attended by over 7,500 delegates, of whom perhaps 1,500 were young. Among the others, an undetermined but probably large percentage shared the common delusion that age, because it brings experience, also brings wisdom; further, that this wisdom must imperatively be imparted to the less experienced; and still further, that the inexperienced must be exhorted, corrected and badgered for their own good. Thus the President, striving to contribute his meed of sagacity, bewailed the softness of young Americans in the "affluent society" (since Marie Antoinette, the affluent have assumed that everyone must be affluent) and the fact that they don't ride bicycles as much as Europeans and go to school by bus if they have to walk more than four or five blocks. A delegate said this all began when "a vocal group of physical education specialists got close to the President." And he added, "I wish the social workers and the educators could get as close."

The first lesson for youth, then, is how easy it is to promote something at a Presidential conference. Another lesson was contributed by a seventeen-year-old girl who protested, "Most of us are healthy. Our teeth aren't falling out. Our health isn't bad. If we're soft, we're not suffering. I don't think this is the basic problem of youth." The basic problem of youth is the older generation. Let youth take courage: it may not do any better, but it certainly need not be overawed by the political and social accomplishments of the years since the Conference on Children and Youth began.

What Price Manuals?

When the Air Force found the National Council of Churches to be "Red infiltrated," the *faux pas* was covered up by the announcement that the Air Force had spent only $381,634 on "training manuals and related instructional guides" in 1959. The innocent taxpayer may have rejoiced: could it be that the Air Force was economizing at last? Unfortunately this particular genre is only a minute fraction of a truly colossal output. According to testimony released on March 29 by the House Defense Appropriations subcommittee, the Air Force spent $89,200,000 on manuals last year. The subcommittee chairman, Rep. George H. Mahon (Dem., Texas) expressed shock: ". . . to spend 30 or 50 or 100 million dollars on manuals would seem almost beyond comprehension." But credulity may be strained even farther. In its issue of November 10, 1959, *Planes-Aerospace,* the organ of the aircraft-missiles-spacecraft industry and not given to biting the hand that feeds it, said editorially, "The Air Force alone spends $250,000,000 a year for technical manuals." If this is true and if we assume that the combined literature requirements of the Army and Navy—poor relations though they be—equal those of the Air Force, then we get into real money—something around $500,000,000, far exceeding the entire commercial book publishing business.

Is it really possible that the services run up half a billion a year for instruction in radar, sonar, missiles and other technical intricacies, with a bit of political vilification thrown in now and then? How do they do it? It is simple, actually. For one thing, by lack of standardization which, to its credit, the aerospace industry is trying to help the Department of Defense to remedy. And the second point Representative Mahon's subcommittee might look into is that the literature agencies of the services, with a single exception, require a standard of art work more suitable for *Remembrance of Things Past* than ephemeral instructional material for a captive audience. The Signal Corps makes it clear in SIG 730-1, Part Two (Illustrations): "The workmanship and materials used in the preparation of reproducible illustrations must be of the *highest quality*" (Signal Corps italics). In contrast, the Navy (BuShips, Code 993) says, in effect, that any clear and legible illustrations will be acceptable: ". . . keep the book's cost to a minimum." If the Air Force and the Army could bring themselves to follow the Navy's injunction they would have a nice piece of change to spend on possibly more urgent concerns, and the Air Force might be induced to lay off the National Council of Churches.

Gore Vidal: Politician

What Congress needs is a leavening of artists in the great loaf of lawyers, bankers and businessmen that now fills its chambers. More specifically, it needs novelists, poets, playwrights. The business of such men is the society in which they live; they devote their working lives to defining the relationships of individuals and groups and to exhorting their contemporaries, by the example

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of their imaginative models, to forsake folly and love truth. Good writers are public servants by instinct; it is time that some of them were made so by election.

For this reason, we endorse the candidacy of Gore Vidal, now seeking Democratic nomination for Representative from the 29th Congressional District, N.Y. Mr. Vidal says that he would be "independent in politics, inclined always to take those positions which seem to me of most benefit to this district and to the country, whether or not politically expedient." From many men this would not mean much, but Mr. Vidal is already committed by his writings. We know that he scorns venality, is impatient with stupidity and applies imagination to the unresilient *status quo*. He also expresses himself with vigor and clarity, and the success of his plays and television dramas seems to prove that he enjoys that essential political gift, the "common touch." His grandfather was Senator Thomas Gore of Oklahoma, his father is a businessman who served as director of the Bureau of Air Commerce under President Roosevelt. By heritage and experience, Mr. Vidal would seem qualified to serve his constituents and the nation; it is only a question of whether he can overcome the tradition that an aesthete, like a felon, is disqualified from holding public office.

Five Years of Desegregation

As was right and proper, the national capital was the first large city with a segregated school system to hearken to the voice of the Supreme Court in 1954. Now comes an invaluable booklet, *Addendum: a Five-Year Report on Desegregation in the Washington, D.C., Schools,* prepared by the city's Superintendent of Schools, Carl F. Hansen, and published by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. Segregationists will find no joy in it; but it also contains some needful, if uncomfortable, reminders that the ills of our society cannot be painted in black and white alone. Indeed, the chief value of Dr. Hansen's lean, fact-filled text is the manner in which it punctures myths on both sides.

Will desegregation inevitably lower school standards? Nonsense. Dr. Hansen shows that in 1955-56—the second year of integration—the sixth grade, which was then 62.2 per cent Negro, scored .5 to 1.2 lower than the national norm in six standard tests. Three years later the same grade, which by then had become 71.6 per cent Negro, was at or above the national norm in five of the six tests, and was only .4 below norm in the sixth. All grades have shown steady improvement in standards, although the advance was somewhat uneven (as might be expected in any school system, white, black, yellow or mixed).

Will desegregation increase racial tensions and juvenile delinquency? Again, nonsense. "Serious incidents that seem to be primarily racial in origin are relatively infrequent," writes Dr. Hansen. And delinquency has declined, among non-whites, from 37.1 cases per thousand in 1954 to 21.2 cases in 1958; and, among whites, from 15.3 to 15.2.

But is desegregation the whole answer to the problem of the education of the Negro child? The answer is no. School drop-outs are higher among Negroes than whites; delinquency remains higher; vandalism and pregnancies are more frequent. "Children who come to school without adequate nourishment," writes Dr. Hansen, "are not in a state of readiness to learn. They may not only be unresponsive to their opportunities, but aggressive, rebellious and negative in their reactions. The conflict, disorder and deficiencies in their homes do, in fact, condition their behavior in the classroom."

Poverty, and the Jim Crow who roams the streets, are no respecters of Supreme Court decisions.

SOUTH AFRICA'S RUBICON . . *by Gwendolen M. Carter*

SOUTH AFRICA'S racial policy has long outraged American, British and the handful of South African liberals; it has now been termed an issue affecting international peace. The resolution of the Security Council calling on South Africa to abandon the apartheid policy defined by its ruling Afrikaner Nationalist Government and embodied in the laws of the country turns racial discrimination, at least of this type, into an international offense. This is the most far-reaching decision on human rights in the history of the United Nations, and one which Americans will do well to ponder.

The circumstances which gave rise to this U.N. action are new to South Africa only in the degree of solidarity which the Africans have shown in their demonstrations, the severity of the police action against the anti-pass demonstrators at Sharpeville and elsewhere, and the international repercussions following the death of some seventy-five African demonstrators and the wounding of many more. The pass laws, whereby Africans are controlled in their movements outside the native reserve areas, have always been the most

GWENDOLEN M. CARTER, author of The Politics of Inequality: South Africa Since 1948 (*Praeger*) *and of the forthcoming* Independence for Africa (*Praeger*), *teaches government at Smith College.*

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hated of the restrictions placed on this majority group within the Union. They formed the focus of the eight months' passive-resistance campaign in 1952 against "unjust laws" in which Africans also courted arrest to publicize their grievances and appeal to the conscience of those who control them. Moreover clashes between the police and Africans in the native townships are not uncommon and have often led to violence. Many more Africans were killed at the time of the 1952 riots in Port Elizabeth, East London and Kimberley than in the past two weeks.

But if the circumstances have a dismal air of familiarity, there is a decisive change in the setting. In 1952, there were only two independent states under African control: Liberia and Ethiopia. By the end of 1960, virtually all of West and Equatorial Africa to the southern borders of the Belgian Congo will be ruled by Africans. Moreover, in what used to be called the multiracial states of Tanganyika and Kenya (the former with only 8,000 but the latter with 65,000 white residents), Africans are becoming the dominant political force. The impact on South Africa is twofold: its 9,500,000 Africans, who include a good proportion of the most advanced on the whole continent, are inevitably stirred to demand rights and even a share of power; at the same time, most of the 3,000,000 long-established white residents—in particular, the Afrikaners — are shaken by the rapidity of the success of African nationalism and fearful that if they relax their control within their country they will be overwhelmed by the force they have unleashed.

THE interaction of these two attitudes produced a rapid series of moves and countermoves. The group which spearheaded the demonstrations on March 21 calls itself the Pan-Africanist Congress. Its intellectual young leaders had worked uneasily for many years within the African National Congress, the established organ of African nationalism, but broke away in April, 1959, declaring that Africans must find their own solution to their problems and not work with the South African Indian Congress and the white, left-wing Congress of Democrats, as does the A.N.C. Using an old, though never successful technique, the Pan-Africanists hoped to swamp the jails by demanding arrests for not carrying passes.

The National government, headed by Prime Minister Hendrik F. Verwoerd, countered not only with force, but also by suspending the application of the pass laws. Burning of passes followed and, still more significant, a work stoppage called by the A.N.C. in protest against the shootings at Sharpeville, proved almost 90 per cent successful in Johannesburg and Capetown and nearly as much so in every other city. The government has banned meetings until June 30, and has declared a state of emergency under which intimidation, to which it ascribed the success of the work stoppage, incurs greatly intensified penalties. It also rushed through Parliament, with the support of the opposition United Party, a measure banning the A.N.C. and the Pan-Africanist group. It has arrested some 300 persons, including not only the head of the Pan-Africanists, Robert Sobukwe, lecturer in Bantu languages at Witwatersrand University, but also ex-chief Albert Luthuli, the moderate leader of the A.N.C., and several whites.

Herblock: St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Don't sit there looking for me like that."

AS THIS is written, the situation in South Africa is somewhat quieter. The repressive measures, the massive mobilization of the police and army, the difficulty of maintaining an organized program of demonstrations with leaders in jail and heavy penalties at hand, have had their effect at least temporarily. But nothing is settled. Administrators have reimposed the pass laws, although apparently with certain modifications in enforcement procedures. The opposition is demanding a change of government and the perennial rumors of a coalition of moderate Afrikaners and conservative English are once more current. What is sure is that nothing can ever be quite the same again. Africans have felt their strength, particularly through the work boycott. The whites must move either to maintain their con-

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trol more rigorously, as the most recent moves seem to suggest, or to establish contacts with moderate Africans on the basis of which a healthier situation can be built.

ALREADY for some time there has been evidence that among both Afrikaners and English-speaking whites there is recognition of the necessity of making contacts with non-Europeans. Most obvious has been the establishment of two new political parties affirming the need for better English-Afrikaner and European-non-European relations: the Progressives, who broke away from the United Party last August, and the National Union, organized by a former Nationalist from South West Africa, Japie Basson, and led by former Chief Justice Fagan (author of the noted 1948 report from which South Africans first learned that, at any given time, more than half the country's Africans are outside their reserves, working in the so-called European areas). Beyond this, there has been a growing questioning of policies by clerics of all denominations (including the dominant Dutch Reformed Church), by university professors and even by businessmen. This may well be intensified by recent events, particularly after the first shock of fear is overcome.

But that the ruling National Party remains in command of the Afrikaner community can hardly be doubted. All the agencies of Afrikaner life combine to reinforce its position. Moreover, the memory of the twenties, when over 60 per cent of the Afrikaner people were threatened with "poor whitism" as they streamed off increasingly unproductive farms, and managed to secure a privileged and protected position in the economy only through the action of government and the white trade unions, remains a powerful rallying force easily exploited by Afrikaner leaders. Also, however illusory to the outside world appears the transformation of the present native reserves into "Bantustans" with ultimate self-government, the program does provide a rationalization for excluding Africans from rights within the European areas.

In the face of the resulting solidarity of the Afrikaners, who form 60 per cent of the white group which possesses a monopoly of political power, can the questionings, doubts and fears within South Africa be stimulated by external pressure into supporting new lines of racial policy?

THE MAJOR form of outside pressure on South Africa in recent months has been the boycott. Started by Africans within the Union against Afrikaner concerns, a general boycott against South African exports has been strongly endorsed by African-controlled states, and more recently as a gesture of dislike of apartheid by the British Labour Party and trade unions and by some comparable bodies on the continent. That the boycott will noticeably affect total South African exports seems unlikely, but its propaganda effect has been considerable both in South Africa and abroad. The sharp drop of prices on the Johannesburg stock exchange following the recent shootings and work stoppage is another type of warning to which South Africans are vulnerable.

In the two international bodies of which South Africa is a member, the Commonwealth and the U.N., the pressures being exerted upon it are moral. The Commonwealth has always scrupulously avoided interfering in the internal affairs of its members; this fact, and a genuine fear that the U.N. will overextend itself to the point of becoming ineffective, lie behind the British abstention on the Security Council resolution on South Africa. But apartheid seems almost certain to be discussed at the

Prime Minister Verwoerd

May meeting of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London — though perhaps informally and certainly without publicity. So, too — and on South African initiative — is the Verwoerd regime's plan to establish a republic. Already before the Union's legislators is the proposal for a referendum aimed at empowering Parliament to declare the country a republic. Republics are nothing new for the Commonwealth: India has held that status since 1949. Many English-speaking South Africans, however, are concerned not only over losing the link with the Crown, but also lest the Nationalists should combine republican status with withdrawal from the Commonwealth. This is not likely unless the other Commonwealth Prime Ministers adopt an unprecedented attitude of censure towards South Africa. In the recent past, they have encouraged continued South African membership in the hope of modifying its policies by making it feel less insecure.

In contrast to the private nature of Commonwealth discussions has been the recent action in the U.N. Though South Africa has been arraigned by that body for its racial policies almost incessantly since the U.N. came into being, heretofore the General Assembly has always been the forum. Now the Security Council has taken a hand; and, for the first time, the indefatigable Secretary General, from whom one begins to expect miracles, has been asked to discuss matters with the South African Government.

What develops from these conversations will be of the greatest importance to the development of the whole of southern Africa. With the attitude of Southern Rhodesia's white residents hardening against

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the British Government's efforts to make the Federation a genuine biracial working partnership, a refusal by South Africa to consider more moderate racial policies will tend to create a white-dominated bloc at the southern tip of the continent, increasingly out of step with the rest of the world and destined to devote an increasing proportion of its resources to repression instead of economic expansion. But if, as unfortunately seems less likely, South Africa responds to the request of the Security Council and of Luthuli to give Africans a chance for human dignity and a share of political power, the industrial potential of this well-developed country could raise the African standard of living without sacrificing that of the whites, and make South Africa a source of goods and even skills throughout the continent. The answer lies in the hands of South Africa's whites.

For the United States, the events of the last three weeks have a significance which may hardly yet have been realized. By openly deploring the shootings at Sharpeville, the State Department put itself on record as opposing the use of force to maintain racial discrimination. By voting for the Security Council's resolution, the United States has endorsed the right of small and weak countries to criticize those internal policies of stronger nations which contribute to international tension. In other words, we have internationalized our policy of removing racial discrimination. Henceforth, any hesitation in our efforts to eliminate it within our own borders can only be termed hypocrisy.

THE YOUNG TYCOONS . . *by Malcolm Ross*

Miami Beach

THEY ALREADY have what the status-seekers seek. Each member of the Young Presidents Organization is boss man of a company with no less than fifty employees and a minimum annual gross income of $1 million. He averages thirty-nine years of age, takes home $41,000 a year before taxes, tucks $5,000 of it into savings, and has twenty years to go before retirement. He carries $112,000 in life insurance. He is (with few exceptions) a college graduate with one year postgraduate study. He dresses well, and so does his wife, who strives with correct coiffures, good manners and amiable entertainment to live her role as First Lady of the Company. She has three children and a husband who spends ten hours a day at business and many weeks a year on trips, usually in his own plane. Status is no easier to maintain than to gain.

There are 1,500 Young Presidents (three of them women). The organization this year celebrates its first decade under the rule that to be a member one must have become a president before forty, and must—if control is sold or lost—beg, borrow or steal another company in order to retain membership; and is willy-nilly no longer a Young President at forty-nine.

Regional meetings in forty-six states and six foreign countries culminate in the annual convention and University for Presidents. This year's University was held recently in the Fontainebleau Hotel, occupying four ocean-front blocks at Miami Beach, Florida. Four hundred and twenty married couples of YPO spent $60,000 on tuition for the five University days; I, a day student from Coconut Grove, had them for free.

I entered my first class (Professor Clifton Fadiman on Arts and the Humanities) in skeptical mood that 840 well-heeled and fun-loving delegates seriously intended to convert this pleasure dome into a workshop. In succeeding days I beheld them show up for 9 A.M. classes, bright-eyed, pencils alert over scratch pads, in hushed attention to lectures on Religions of the World, Understanding Foreign Cultures, The President's Job, Conflicting Ideologies, Being a President's Wife, Geopolitics, etc.

Ten thousand classroom man-hours later, while waiting to buy my car back from the doorman, my five University days jelled into a surmise which bears consideration. These veterans of World War II, riding the prosperous years to control of medium-size American industries, have arrived at independent success a full generation earlier than the tycoons of today's Big Companies. The presidents of the Goliath corporations arrive at the top at average age fifty-two and have eight years before retirement. But little David is still under forty, with a score of years in which to flex his powers in fields beyond his office window. That he wants to do so was apparent in the Fontainebleau classrooms, a phenomenon which leads to my surmise that the 1,500 Young Presidents may well be the pitch pipe to which industry will be tuned during the next generation.

How goes the tune? It is Nixon Republicanism in the bass, with a treble Stevenson obbligato. There is an overtone acceptance that unions are here to stay, with a nostalgic strain of company unionism. There is a symphonic Free Enterprise; and yet this ensemble creates a far different effect from that of Jay Gould, Jim Fisk and Henry Clay Frick (who also became presidents under forty) or even from the Free Enterprise of the N.A.M., to which a few YPOers belong.

I asked several to interpret the YPO tenet, "Aggressive action to further the free-enterprise system," and had these answers: "I want the chance to do it myself"; "The creative individual must stay on top of technology"; "We can't compete across the board with big corporations, but we can survive by being superior in a narrow range."

So Big Business is the slave-trad-

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er to avoid, and the aggressive action is to capture the minds of college seniors. Last year, 10,000 of these listened at sixty colleges to YPO missionaries crying the danger of choosing careers on the basis of pension plans, urging the seniors to get out on their own and not join a monopolistic group. Junior Achievement, which encourages youngsters in pint-size manufacturing and selling enterprises, is another reaching out of YPOers toward final invasion of the cradle.

FORTY-FOUR per cent of YPO businesses are family-owned; these presidents are the traditionalists, plagued with concern to preserve family assets while still satisfying the desire of relatives for higher dividends. About 28 per cent started their own firms — compulsive types, they are a shade less formally educated, but the ablest; 3 per cent married the boss's daughter, and don't make the easy assumption that they never had it so good — frequently the boss, looking around for a successor, invited the bright young plant manager to dinner.

The other 25 per cent got control through purchase or mergers, or were spotted as comers by management. They are lawyers, M.I.T. and Harvard Business School graduates, engineers, good trouble-shooters, and likely to be on the technical frontiers — helicopters, computers, electronic components.

Sixty-two per cent of YPOers are manufacturers, 34 per cent in service industries, and 4 per cent in finance. The acquisitive spirit, in contrast to the "chance to do it myself" philosophy, prevails among the financiers.

I attended a Mergers and Acquisitions session where three panelists, presidents of a total of twelve companies, instructed forty single-company presidents in the art of not buying a pig in a poke. A careless audit resulted in one disastrous experience where "the sheet metal covering holes in the floor was carried as inventory." Another president, a seller this time, was happy with a seven-figure certified check until the buyer fired his former staff and milked the cow dry by selling in-

ventory simultaneously with a kiting of stock prices for quick-kill purposes.

I sat in mousy reverence at tales of "fourteen million in cash and no way to use it"; of private companies "going public" to the heavenly music of rich rewards. In the elevator on the way down one president volunteered: "That's the trouble with this country. I'd rather run my own show and sleep nights."

The instinct spectrum, as with any heterogeneous group, runs from Jim Fisk to Jacob Riis. I found it significant that a respected YPO founding father, Lyle M. Spencer, was chosen to make a keynote speech. Spencer heads Science Research Associates, is a trustee of Roosevelt University and active in getting professional jobs for Negroes. In his farewell speech (he has crossed the forty-nine-year deadline and will appear no more in these hallowed halls), he said this:

> For almost 300 years capitalism has been the dominant form of economic organization among the ruling nations. In the past forty-three years, the Soviets have produced a successful challenge, dominating the minds of about a billion people. We are coming to see that capitalism does not exist because it can produce a profit or because it is an inherent right. It exists primarily to serve human needs. Unless we can prove it serves the needs of all the people better than competing systems its future is problematical at best. We are concerned with the uncommitted billion and a quarter people, and the decision will be made during the next ten years.

The University carried electives in five schools: Business, Liberal Arts, Applied Arts, Family and Community Life, and the Institute of World Affairs. Two-thirds of the delegates elected business, one-third cultural, courses. The $60,000 in tuition fees provided Fontainebleau board and lodging and honorariums to a faculty including Dean Richard Donham of Northwestern, anthropologist Edward T. Hall, Harvard's Edmund P. Learned, West Point's Colonel George A. Lincoln, Dr. William C. Menninger, Marshall D. Shulman, Richard S. Winslow and Dr. Walt Whitman Rostow.

A strict campus rule compelled full ninety-minute attendance on anyone entering the classroom. No shopping around. Thus limited to a few classes, I chose topics from Family Life, Business and the Arts.

Dr. Will Menninger conducted a family-life clinic based on answers to a questionnaire filled out by the wives. Dr. Will kept the marital revelations to himself, but it is a fair guess his counselings were responsive to them. I sat in the rear, with a view of two hundred heads, in pairs, attractive hair-dos in red, brunette, blonde and platinum, alternating with well-barbered pates only here and there beginning to show through. Bermuda shorts were in both male and female vogue. The attention level was high as the husband heard answers based on questions perhaps submitted by the girl beside him.

The Question and Answer period brought out many points.

"We have all his love but we don't have him," was a frequent complaint. "How much should a wife be interested in office details?" (*A*: Not to the point where employees whisper: "She really runs the business.") "Can expensive gifts be a compensatory gesture of contrition for neglect?" (*A*: To a mistress, yes; to a wife, no.) "Is it better to have a good fight and have it over with?" (*A*: Don't even talk problems when angry.) "Should I let the children climb all over him when he comes home tired, or have a quiet drink first?" (*A*: If he loves the kids, he won't mind playing with them.) "Is a long-range plan as valid for family as for business?" (*A*: Yes.)

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Psychiatrist Dr. Will considered the cases of the "wizard at business, flop as a father"; the "wife busy as a cranberry merchant at saving the country"; the case of the buttonless shirt, the forgotten anniversary, and the threat of the predatory female. The plaster Louis Quatorze nymph decorating the wall waved her garland of roses ever so slightly at her neighboring plaster beau.

I supped at Culture's Table with Fadiman; ate lobster Newburg at gourmet tables facing the green, subtropical Atlantic; eavesdropped on the wives' French-refresher course at the edge of the swimming pool; and had amiable discussions with Young President top officials on why I had been denied entry to two course offerings, one on Motivation and another on Labor.

The fact that I had been denied awoke an urge to violence in one of my lunch partners.

"We settled that once and for all!" he cried in obvious pain. "Who was it wouldn't let you in?"

"Oh well now, look," I said weakly. "This press badge says *The Nation*, which these folk first mistook for *The Nation's Business*. But when they discovered it was a New York weekly, they naturally decided a labor seminar was none of *The Nation's* business."

Unsatisfied by my pusillanimous attitude, my new-found defender rounded up the head of the University and the head of YPO and achieved agreement then and there that henceforth no one should be denied admission to any YPO course. I hope it sticks. I doubt whether I would learn anything about Motivation or Labor which I could not have garnered from chit-chats over the lobster Newburg.

I MISSED the last session of the University, through getting involved in conversation with a Young President who thinks there are a few residual S.O.B.'s in the organization, but that in face-to-face arguments with their peers the offensive qualities will disappear. The scheduled last session was a World Affairs Panel to be conducted by Colonel Lincoln and Professors Rostow and Shulman. Adjacent to the room in which the panel was to be held is the great ballroom, at the moment occupied in rehearsal by the troupe which is to entertain the next scheduled convention, that of the American Tobacco Company. Slim and beauteous gals in leotards were rehearsing on the ballroom stage, and making one hell of a din over the loudspeakers. This worried the staffers of the YPO, young men to whose well-cut Bermuda shorts are attached walkie-talkies so that they may be instantly in touch with the high YPO command. They wangled a sliding door sound barrier between the noisy rehearsal and the room where World Affairs were to be analyzed in decorous quiet. But not before Professor Rostow entered with an appreciative sidelong glance at the rehearsing leotards.

"Hum-m" he said "Do you think our audience is going to get past the fleshpots?"

They did.

SMALL-ARMS RACE . . *by Stanley Meisler*

ON MARCH 4, the 4,309-ton French freighter *La Coubre*, carting seventy-six tons of Belgian grenades and ammunition to the army of Fidel Castro, exploded in Havana harbor, killing more than seventy-five seamen, dock workers and firefighters. The series of deadly blasts triggered a series of sensational questions that hit headlines in both the United States and Cuba. Had an American agent or anti-Castro Cuban slipped aboard and left a time bomb in the hold? Had a careless dock worker dropped a match into the munitions? Had a cargo net snapped, unleashing crates of grenades against the deck? Had a plane sneaked low across the harbor and tossed bombs into the freighter?

Other questions, tinged with less excitement, were also evoked. But, too theoretical, old and uncomfortable, they made few headlines. They are questions which have arisen time after time, applied to incident after incident, in the last decade. Their most cogent expression came from Colombian liberal Eduardo Santos in 1955. "Against whom are we Latin Americans arming ourselves?" he cried out before a Columbia University forum. "Why are our countries ruining themselves buying arms which they will never use? . . . In this day of the atom bomb, with the new arms whose cost is fabulous, with technical systems involving thousands of millions, what are our poor countries about, bankrupting themselves upon armaments which in the event of an international conflict would spell absolutely nothing?" The true meaning of *La Coubre* involves not its explosion, but its presence. Why was the munitions vessel in Havana in the first place?

La Coubre and its grenades represent an often unnoticed phenomenon of the cold war. While the great nations of the world terrorize each other in a nuclear-arms race, the weaker, underdeveloped nations are running madly through their own series of small-arms sprints. They have their junior balances of terror. Conditions are perfect: a glut of small arms on the world market, a host of military governments and revolutionaries hungrier for guns than bread, and help from major powers in satisfying that hunger.

No one has estimated the total amount of small arms available on the world market during a year. But partial figures, based on known transactions and reports from governments, shed some light. Last November 2, *The New York Times* reported that the British government had sold 1,000,000 surplus small arms during

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1959. At the same time, Italy was disposing of 500,000 surplus carbines. *Business Week* reported September 19 that "enough small weapons are stolen from Formosa each year to arm three or four American regiments" (these American weapons then filter into Southeast Asia). Cuba reportedly bought $120,000,000 worth of arms during 1959. The Dominican Republic announced it had spent $88,000,000 on arms last year — more than half its national budget.

Although the Cuban and Dominican governments purchased new weapons, surplus arms make up most of the international market. Arnold Freshman, director of the Arms Traffic Division of the State Department's Office of Munitions Control, estimates that 70 per cent of available arms are surplus. As European governments modernize their weapons or change them to conform with the NATO standardization policy, they dump their old arms on the world market. The Communist bloc also has embarked on a standardization program and soon may put its old weapons up for sale.

In fact, the armies of underdeveloped nations have used Communist weapons for several years. After September, 1955, the Soviet bloc delivered $380,000,000 worth of large and small weapons to Egypt, Syria, Yemen and Afghanistan. Some of these arms later reached the commercial market when the Israeli army captured them in its 1956 invasion of Egypt. Guinea, which has a 2,000-man army, bought three shipments of rifles from Czechoslovakia last year after the United States ignored a request for arms.

THIS COUNTRY has assumed dual, contradictory roles in the arming of weak nations. Under the mutual-security program, it has dispensed several billion dollars of military assistance to underdeveloped countries since 1950. At the same time, it has tried to control the commercial market and shut off the flow of small arms to troubled areas. In its most conspicuous attempt to restrict commercial traffic, the State Department has embargoed arms to the Caribbean, where it fears an outbreak between Castro and Dominican Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo.

The embargo began two years ago, with the Office of Munitions Control halting the issuance of licenses to American dealers for shipping arms to the Caribbean. Since then, the State Department also has tried to persuade European governments to withhold shipments. Last October, for example, a representative of the British Embassy was called to the State Department and told the United States objected to a deal that would have sent British jets to Cuba. The British canceled the transaction.

Without cooperation from other governments, of course, the State Department embargo would be meaningless, for foreign arms dealers can easily fill the vacuum left by restricted American dealers. There is, in fact, strong evidence that they have done so. While the Office of Munitions Control asserts that the embargo, coupled with the cooperation of American Allies, is decreasing the flow of arms to the Caribbean, the decrease cannot be significant. On March 11, *The New York Times* reported estimates that "the firepower of Premier Castro's forces is more than two and one-half times that of President Batista's forces in 1958." Belgian, Italian, Spanish and Norwegian munitions, some produced with United States aid, have reached Cuba since the embargo. *La Coubre* was delivering its second arms shipment to Castro when it exploded. Last year, the French sold jets, light tanks, mortars, grenades and ammunition to the Dominican Republic.

Since European governments, like the United States, license their arms exports, the flow of munitions into the Caribbean indicates official resistance to the pleas of the State Department. Several reasons for this resistance have been suggested: pressure by the Belgian rifle manufacturer, Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre, on the Brussels government; an attempt by France to court the Dominican vote on the Algerian question in the U.N.; a general European feeling that if they don't sell the arms, someone else — perhaps a Communist government — will. In addition, Europeans may resent the long-standing American attitude toward all arms shipments to Latin America. Since World War II, the United States, in the interest of standardization, has tried to keep the arms traffic in the Western Hemisphere exclusively American.

THE LEGAL flow of arms into the Caribbean has decreased much of the need for gun-running from Florida. There are no revolutionary groups with the force and appeal that Castro had when he mounted his offensives against Batista. During Castro's rebellion, conspirators in Miami smuggled $3,000,000 worth of arms to him. Now in power, Castro need not depend on Florida. Smuggling, however, apparently figures somewhat in the defense plans of Trujillo, whose army uses mostly American small arms. Last year, Augusto Maria Ferrando, the Dominican Consul General in Miami, offered customs agents $2,400 if they would let a C-74 Globemaster leave Miami International Airport with a cargo of small arms and ammunition. He was convicted of attempted bribery and conspiracy to smuggle arms, and the United States asked the Dominican Republic to recall him. A Miami exporter shipped five B-26 bombers, surplus Air Force equipment, to Chile last year for use in aerial photography. The bombers never reached Chile but landed in the Dominican Republic to become part of Trujillo's Air Force. The State Department has demanded their return.

Hoping to stop the smuggling, the government has assigned a small force of customs men, recently augmented with FBI agents, to patrol Florida's coastline and airports. In two years, customs agents have seized more than forty major shipments of illegal arms. The courts have convicted 200 persons, handing out five-year sentences in recent cases. Nevertheless, this has stopped only a small part of the traffic. In their most optimistic guesses, customs agents say they have seized 20 to 35 per cent of the illegal arms and arrested 40 per cent of the smugglers. "It would take thousands of men to patrol the Florida coast to watch all small-boat movements," says editor William C. Baggs of the Miami *News*,

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"and thousands more to watch all airstrips and the hundreds of flat fields that can be used by light planes. Conversion of Florida into this sort of armed camp probably would not be acceptable by American citizens under any circumstances short of war."

With the Caribbean trade relatively quiet, the chief destination of the world's gun-runners now appears to be Algeria, where the activities of American dealers have affected the traffic. In 1957, for example, the Italian government planned to sell 18,000 surplus rifles for shipment to Tunisia. The French, certain that the arms would reach the rebels, protested, but the Italians decided to complete the deal unless a new purchaser could be found. Pasadena Firearms Co. of California stepped in and bought the lot for importation to the United States, where the guns were sold to hunters and collectors.

SUCH American absorption of surplus weapons has grown tremendously during the past few years. Imports of surplus rifles increased from 6,000 in 1954 to 170,000 in 1958. The State Department, which licenses these imports, considers them one way of keeping part of the world traffic under control.

While these importations may ease foreign relations, they have disturbed domestic relations. United States sporting-rifle manufacturers are not pleased. A hunter can buy a surplus rifle for as little as $10.88; a new American rifle would cost him at least $80. From 1954 to 1958, the sale of American centerfire rifles dropped from 466,450 to 204,840 units. Last June, six manufacturers petitioned the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization to limit imports of surplus rifles to 5,000 annually, arguing that continued imports would destroy American sporting-rifle manufacturers, leaving the United States without a small-arms industry in case of war.

Importers organized the American Council for Technical Products, which prepared an answer to the manufacturers' petition. The council told the OCDM that imports do not compete with American rifles: about half end up over mantels or in gun collections and never reach the hands of hunters. And in wartime, the council added, the government, rather than use the present small gunsmiths, would turn to huge companies, which could easily convert their mass-production equipment for small-arms manufacture.

The importers' argument received strong support from a Department of Commerce study, issued last December, showing that the manufacturers' biggest problem was not surplus imports, but the decrease in Army procurement. The manufacturers lost almost their entire military market in a five-year period. Makers of centerfire rifles had a $20,000,000 drop in revenue between 1954 and 1958, of which only a little more than $1,000,000 could be blamed on the decline in civilian purchases. The OCDM most likely will reject the manufacturers' petition and let Americans continue to pluck surplus weapons from the world market.

By purchasing surplus weapons, arresting smugglers and embargoing exports, the United States has made a commendable, although often ineffectual, attempt to limit the commercial traffic in small arms. But it has made few moves toward shrinking the real arsenal of the underdeveloped world — the United States military-assistance program. Despite the embargo on commercial arms to the Caribbean, for example, the United States spent $1,089,000 on military aid to the Dominican Republic and $543,000 on military aid to Cuba during fiscal 1959.

In most cases, military aid, ostensibly given to protect the free world against communism and to stabilize regimes against subversion, has tended (1) to force weak nations into devoting huge percentages of their vital capital to armaments; (2) to entrench undemocratic, military governments; and (3) to promote arms races between these governments.

In *Arms and Politics in Latin America* (1960), an indispensable book for understanding the turmoil in Latin America, Edwin Lieuwen, chairman of the history department at the University of New Mexico, has reached several chilling conclusions about our military aid program in this hemisphere:

> It seems incontrovertible that the aid program exacerbates endemic rivalries and mutual suspicions among the Latin American republics and gives rise to arms races. . . . For the great majority of Latin Americans, who see no great danger of aggression from outside, the United States military program compounds their internal problems, interferes with the process of social change, and hinders progress in economic development.

American military aid to Iran is "not strategic and tactical but political and domestic," Walter Lippmann has observed. It satisfies the Iranian army. "If that is the best way to help Iran, well and good," he continued. "The question which this country will have to examine is whether it is going to be in the future the best way, or indeed how long it can be expected to work."

THERE have been recent signs, although rather unclear ones, that the United States is re-examining policies that build up armaments in underdeveloped nations. On March 21, the New York *Herald Tribune* reported that a "sweeping review" was in progress. After his tour of Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina and Chile, President Eisenhower said that present circumstances "should now enable some of the American republics to reduce expenditures for armaments, and thus make funds available for constructive purposes." But he based this possibility on continued support for the Rio treaty of 1947, which perpetrates the myth that the Latin countries would have a vital military role in defending the hemisphere from outside aggression. On March 15, Assistant Secretary of State Roy R. Rubottom, Jr., told the House Foreign Affairs Committee that the Administration would ask $30,000,000 less for military aid to Latin America in the 1961 fiscal year than it had asked the year before. But the requested total for 1961 — $67,000,000 — was only $2,000,000 less than the State Department actually received from Congress for the 1960 fiscal year and was, in fact, $13,000,000 more than had been spent in the 1959 fiscal year.

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It may be too much to expect the United States to eliminate, or even drastically reduce, military aid to underdeveloped nations. Any sudden action would create real problems and dangers. Many of these nations have had military regimes long before the United States began sending them arms. They have used the emotions of the cold war as blackmail and have threatened to turn to the Soviet Union if their demands for weapons are not met. And the Soviet Union has been happy and able to supplant the United States as an arsenal wherever possible. Any reversal of American policy would be a slow one.

It is possible that the cry for disarmament, in order to have meaning, must come from the underdeveloped nations themselves. Here, the experience of Latin America sheds some hope — and some doubt. In the past few years, the civilian-controlled governments of Costa Rica and Chile have proposed disarmament plans. But the response from other nations, most of them dominated by the military, has been more polite than enthusiastic. The Peruvian and Argentine governments, both dependent on military support, bought more cruisers and jets at the very time they were hailing Chile's call for disarmament. Even Mexico, a civilian government, has rejected general disarmament, because it fears that disarmament would make Latin America too dependent on the United States.

The arming of weak nations may be an inevitable offshoot of the arming of strong nations. Perhaps Cuba and the Dominican Republic will keep buying rifles until the United States and Russia stop making missiles. On the other hand, the arming of weak nations may be an inevitable offshoot of the fatuousness of strong nations. Perhaps the Shah of Iran will keep crying for guns until the United States gets enough sense to refuse them. In any case, the time for hard reappraisal is long due. There need be no more mad munitions trips to Havana.

THOSE PRETTY LITTLE PILLS . . *by David L. Cowen*

THE THIRD round of the Kefauver hearings on the drug industry, temporarily shunted aside by the civil-rights squabble, was scheduled to begin this week. The Senate subcommittee conducting the hearings will be able to build on the massive body of statistical data collected during the recent second round, devoted to the tranquilizers.

It is now clear that in the tranquilizer field there exists a tremendous spread between manufacturers' costs and selling prices; that some prices remain constant despite lower costs of production; that comparisons among domestic prices indicate that some are maintained at higher levels than purely competitive conditions would permit; and that comparisons with foreign prices show that American prices are often the highest in the world.

The companies, of course, sought to refute each of these contentions, but one gets the impression of adroit polemics rather than sound argument. To cite but one example, it is difficult to accept the contention that lower prices abroad reflect only lower wage scales, lower living standards, etc., when one discovers that meprobamate, which costs Carter, its American patentee, $4.99 per pound and is sold to American pharmacists for $3.25 per fifty tablets, costs the British producer from $6.38 to $7.35 per pound and is sold to the British pharmacist — under the same brand name, Miltown — at $1.48 per fifty tablets.

The profit picture of the drug industry, whether based on net worth, investments, sales or otherwise, places the industry in the forefront of American manufacturers. For example, estimates for 1959 indicate that the rate of return for eleven drug companies was 21 per cent of net worth as compared with 10.7 per cent for all manufacturing corporations. The estimates for three large tranquilizer houses—Carter; Smith, Kline and French; and American Home Products Corp. — were 55 per cent, 42 per cent, and 36.8 per cent respectively.

The subcommittee has also concerned itself with the reasons for the high prices and large profits. The discussion that follows will point up some of the factors involved and discuss their implications in terms of broad public policy.

1. Patents. The position of the United States on drug patents and brands is more considerate of the inventor than in other countries. In Germany, for example, a process may be patented, but not a drug product. In the United States, too, patents are possible on compositions of old and known ingredients for which the patentee has discovered a new use.

The impact of the patent and the brand name on price is dramatically illustrated by a comparison of prices paid by the Military Medical Supply Agency with those paid by the druggist. The subcommittee's findings demonstrate perfectly that the greater the number of suppliers (in this case licensees), the lower the price, both absolutely and in proportion to the prices paid by the druggist. When, because of patent rights, there is but **one supplier** — as with SKF (Smith, Kline and **French**) and chlorpromazine — the **price** to the government is about 70 **per cent** of the price to the druggist. Where there are two suppliers — Wyeth and Carter for meprobamate — the price to the government is about 60 per cent of the price to the druggist. However, where there are several suppliers, as with reserpine, the results of competition are eye-opening. Ciba has sold reserpine to the government for 1.5 **per cent of its**

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price to the druggist (60c as compared with $39.50 per thousand) and Panray at about 25 per cent (70c as compared with $2.65).

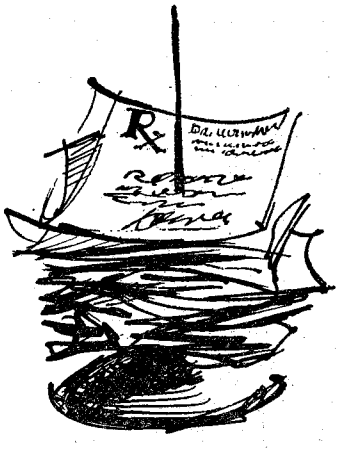
The investigations, moreover, brought out another aspect of the patent process that makes it particularly vicious when applied in the drug field. The hearings revealed, for example, that Carter had rather imperiously decided with which drugs of other companies it would permit its meprobamate to be combined. It refused at one time to permit a combination with a drug whose patent had run out; it refused one request apparently because the other patent was held by too small a company. Since in some cases there may be medical advantages to be gained by certain combinations, any legal process which permits the withholding of a drug is contrary to public policy.

2. Research. Figures presented by the companies themselves indicate that on an average (for twenty companies) only 6.4 per cent of the sales dollar can be charged to research, Carter, American Home, SKF and Ciba spent 2.7, 3.2, 8.9 and 13.9 per cent of their sales dollars respectively on research in 1958. As Senator Kefauver worded it, "Research is important, but [it] has only a limited effect on the high price of drugs and the high profits of the company."

But there were undercurrents in the subcommittee's findings on research that should perhaps be of greater concern than the impact on prices. For example, there is evidence of a great deal of floundering about, a great many "dry hole" projects, and a great deal that seems to have been left to chance. Some of the floundering is undoubtedly necessary, perhaps even desirable, but there seems something unsound going on when SKF, after ten years of research, could claim no more in the way of achievement than the recognition that another firm — Rhone-Poulenc of France — had produced what SKF's own chemists had been looking for: chlorpromazine.

CERTAINLY the role that chance has played in the development of tranquilizers puts industrial research in a dubious light. The drugs' properties were discovered as a by-product of the search for anti-histamines. SKF, for all its alertness in picking up the patent rights on chlorpromazine, investigated it "principally as a surgical pre-medicant and anti-emetic agent." While the drug industry is capable of some highly valuable "pure" research, its laboratories today are mostly busy with the "applied" variety leading to the production of practical medical agents. But even in this field the public health cannot always rely on private enterprise alone [see *The Nation,* December 26, 1959], a fact which the Kefauver hearings underscored.

Until recently, for example, the industry was subject to the criticism that it was shying away from cancer research because the successful company would be forced to share its findings with the whole industry. In



addition, the government's "crash" cancer-research program dragged from 1953 to 1958 because of the industry's desire to protect its patent policies.

It took twenty-four months of negotiation for the drug companies to get from the government an understanding acceptable to them on the government's right to insist upon unlimited licensing if production should prove inadequate. Under this agreement, the companies are well protected: when the government feels that there is inadequate production, it cannot move in for ninety days; hearings and appeals are possible, and the burden of proof of shortage rests with the government. (What happens, meanwhile, to pricing policies is anybody's guess.) On this basis, there has recently developed some desirable industrial activity in the field of cancer research financed by government grants.

There must have been considerable moral pressure on the industry to accept the government's aid in cancer research, for the industry has virtually refused similar aid for mental health. Although many millions have been available, only $100,000 in government grants have been awarded, probably as a consequence of the industry's fear that "It's not too large a step to go from appropriations for medical research to appropriations for medical care payments and for medical care direction and administration."

The hearings also touched on the matter of basic research. The success of new drugs — whether as palliatives or genuine therapeutic agents — has given us a false sense of security. As Dr. Augustus Gibson, director of Merck's research, has stated, "Perhaps the time has now come to look for the answer to some of the more basic problems." We have been treating symptoms, but we know little about causes and prevention: basic research must concern itself with *understanding the disease.*

IN THE field of mental illness, as the hearings brought out, the need for basic research is very real. The mechanisms of action of the tranquilizers are still largely unknown. There is uncertainty as to whether they merely suppress symptoms or have real therapeutic value [see "Drugs for the Mind," by A. Azima, *The Nation,* July 21, 1956]. Most important, of course, is that their number and variety could possibly be multiplied a hundredfold without contributing anything to the understanding of the causes — chemical, psychological or sociological — or prevention of mental illness. In all the hullabaloo about the spectacular reductions in the population of mental hospitals due to the use of tranquilizers, some attention ought to be paid to the statistics on *admissions.* In New York State hospitals, for example, the current rate is 28,000 as compared with 21,000 in 1955. This is a one-third increase.

The subcommittee also effectively

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deflated the intimations of the American drug industry that its research activities are alone responsible for discovering the tranquilizers. True, the industry must be given some credit for breaking down the "reluctance of academical psychiatry" and the "reservations of clinical psychiatry" to the use of tranquilizers. (Even this it did not do entirely alone, for by 1957 the National Institute of Mental Health was spending $39 million annually in this field.) But Thorazine, Compazine and Sparine are all developments by Rhone-Poulenc of France, which holds the basic patents. Ten of the fourteen new drugs claimed to have been discovered by Ciba from 1948-58, including reserpine, were the work of the parent Swiss company. Meprobamate was developed in the United States by Dr. Frank M. Berger, a Czech physician who had produced and written about mephenesin, the parent compound of meprobamate, in England, three years before he joined Carter here.

Another cause for concern — not pursued by the subcommittee — crept into the hearings: the methodological shoddiness of the clinical studies that go into the testing of a drug. Some of this derives from the fact that many, if not most, of the studies are initiated and supported (some would say "insidiously inspired") by grants from industry, a condition which leads to haste and prejudgment.

THUS ON EVERY count — goals, scope, quality and effectiveness — there are some criticisms to be voiced of the research activities of the industry. The conclusion is inescapable (and it is one with which the Kefauver subcommittee will perhaps not become involved): that an anarchy exists in industrial medical research. That this anarchy is no longer tenable is emphasized by the virtual absence of any mention of industrial research in a recent survey of the National Institutes of Health by its Chief of Resources Analysis. NIH has great potential for the planning, promotion, co-ordination and evaluation of medical research; the continued aloofness — or exclusion — of the industry from participation must in some way limit the effectiveness of the Institutes.

3. Advertising and Sales. In Senator Kefauver's preliminary remarks at the opening of the second round of the hearings, he referred to "certain alleged excesses of promotion and advertising which, it has been held, unduly enhance the price of the product." This was something of an understatement. The selling costs of twenty drug companies account for 24 per cent of the selling price; for the four big tranquilizer manufacturers, the per cent of sales that goes to selling costs varies from 19.5 to 33.9, and on the average, selling costs amount to about two-thirds of the

cost of goods. For two companies, selling costs exceed production costs.

Obviously, selling cost is high and obviously it affects the selling price to the consumer. The question is, how much of it is excessive? One is constrained to say that most of the cost of "dissemination of product information" is excessive, for three reasons: much of the "dissemination" is extravagant, too much of it is misleading, and most of it should not be necessary.

The extravagance of medical advertising is proverbial. The detail men, on good salaries and expense accounts; costly brochures and books (some of general value, many of a purely promotional nature); flamboyant advertisements in the professional literature and in the mails; gimmicks, gadgets, mountains of samples, banquets and convention parties—these hardly exhaust the list. The flamboyancy and repetition of the advertising suggests that the drug companies expect the physician to react on the same subconscious, emotional, non-rational level in the ordering of drugs as does the housewife in choosing detergents.

The sending out of samples has been dubbed a form of payola by the *Wall Street Journal*. The sample is not sent to the practicing physician for clinical assay—that has already been made. It is sent as a gift (the doctor can give it away or sell it) to impress the product on the doctor's memory. Since even small companies practice quality control of their product and are subject to governmental inspection, one must wonder whether or not the doctor's tendency to prescribe the product of the big company is a consequence of the subtle seduction of the samples, gimmicks, dinners and good fellowship of the detail man, or of the assumption that since the company is big and spends a lot of money on advertising, its products are therefore better. One wonders how these doctors rationalize what the profession euphemistically calls the "incidents" which have, at various times, involved the quality and utility of products of respected companies.

The medical journals are themselves partly to blame for accepting extravagant drug advertising. The extensive use of art work—usually in magnificent color—suggests that the doctor can't, or won't, read. If it is too much to expect these journals to eliminate advertising altogether, perhaps they ought at least to consider the transformation of advertising to "paid announcements," uniform for all companies, following a prescribed format, containing complete information (negative and positive) and instructions, and set in uniform and ordinary type.

THERE IS, in addition, a considerable amount of misleading advertising, some of it dangerous. This suggests, of course, the need for policing, but also points up the fact that much of the advertising could be dispensed with altogether. Medical-advertising copywriters can teach the rest of their trade something about the "language of misunderstanding." They have been guilty of every possible offense: accenting the positive, willful suppression or underplaying

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of negative or dangerous results, misleading and questionable data, ghost-writing, inflated and spurious bibliographies, faked endorsements, quotations out of context. While most companies are probably not guilty of these practices, the problem is widespread enough to have given rise to the suggestion that there be created a special commission, composed of industrial, professional and governmental agencies, to deal with it. But self-policing by the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association and the increased activity of the American Medical Association have proved ineffective.

A final word on medical advertising: It is disgraceful that American medicine has not provided itself with satisfactory institutional means of keeping the profession informed of therapeutic developments, and that the profession must rely on the vagaries and biases of advertisers.

THE SECOND round of the subcommittee hearings was concerned primarily with the economic aspects of the manufacture and sale of tranquilizing drugs. There are, however, much broader problems of public policy involved.

The tranquilizers are perhaps the second most-used class of drugs; about one-third of all prescriptions call for them. In 1958, their wholesale sales totaled about $160,000,000. They are used all over the world. They have had a beneficial effect on the mental-health picture from the point of view of both the individual and of society. Their use is expanding in anesthesia, obstetrics, dermatology, dentistry and geriatrics.

The tranquilizers are drugs, and it must be remembered that any drug is potentially dangerous. There is no need here to run through the whole litany of "side effects," ranging from "unpleasant mouth" to the fatal breakdown of white blood cells. These are well known and can usually be controlled by the physician. But it does need to be emphasized that there is ample medical evidence against their indiscriminate use. Psychiatrists contend that even the general practitioner may be unable to manage tranquilizers properly, and lament their too casual use. All agree that they should not be used by the public for the relief of every-day tensions; the American Psychiatric Association has been adamant on this score. In addition, the World Health Office believes they "must be classed as potentially habit-forming" and that they should be subjected to national control.

FOR THESE reasons, many persons believe that tighter controls over their sale are necessary. It is true that they are "prescription drugs" (under federal regulation, they cannot be sold except on prescription). But the same loopholes that make barbiturates and amphetamines — which are also "prescription drugs"— so available, exist for tranquilizers. That this is a serious matter is evidenced by the fact that despite the federal regulations and despite the stringent New York State pharmacy act, the City of New York has made the same prescription requirement a part of its Health Code.

By the same token, care must be taken to see that these drugs do not attain the status of "over-the-counter drugs"—i.e., become available at drugstores without prescription. The danger exists. Carter first considered meprobamate as an over-the-counter item, then changed its mind. Yet this company—which prides itself for having fought off for seventeen years the government's finally successful attempt to force "Liver" out of the title of Carter's Little Liver Pills—might change its mind again if Miltown suddenly were made obsolete by a new product. Ominously, *Printers' Ink* asserts that the ethical-drug advertising agencies are "looking forward for added growth" to the shift from prescription to over-the-counter drugs.

Over-the-counter drugs are generally subject to "restrictive sales"—i.e., they can be sold only in pharmacies. The Proprietary Association, an organization of manufacturers of publicly advertised drugs, is campaigning to break down this restriction. The campaign has already met with some success: aspirin, Bromo-Seltzer and similar items can now be picked off the supermarket shelf. If Madison Avenue gets its clutches on over-the-counter items, the jump from prescription to over-the-counter sales will be followed rapidly by the jump to non-restrictive sales. The Proprietary Association is thinking this far ahead, and recently stymied a resolution before the National Drug Trade Conference which provided that prescription drugs reclassified as over-the-counter drugs "continue to be dispensed only by or under the personal supervision of a registered pharmacist." The Proprietary Association demanded that the resolution include the telltale phrase: ". . . subject to such exceptions as may be dictated by the future status of such drugs."

Both the physician and the pharmacist, must come to the aid of the public welfare by standing firmly against the expansion of drugs generally—and of tranquilizers particularly—to over-the-counter and non-restrictive sales. One shudders at the prospect of seeing the shelves of the supermarket stocked high with more than fifty-seven varieties of tranquilizers.

THERE are many still broader ramifications involved in the general use of tranquilizers. The tranquilizers can affect the whole society—its cultural dynamics, stasis, decay. What happens to a people accustomed to avoid all anxiety, who know no fear, who need not think, or love or hate? What happens to a people without an urge to create? Or to a people who must take the proper potion before being able to do any of these? And what happens to such people when they meet up with "normal" people, or with "noble savages" who have not had the advantages of the most advanced psychopharmacology?

Beyond Huxley, I have found no study by an anthropologist, sociologist, psychologist, psychiatrist, philosopher, or any combination of these, on the impact of the tranquilizers on man and his culture. As we watch over the decline of the West, we see the beams—the bombs and the missiles; but perhaps we miss the motes—the pretty little pills.

The problem deserves serious study now. Psychopharmacology is in its infancy, but the potentialities for the manipulation of the human mind and personality through drugs are as limitless as the gyri of the human brain.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Plea for a New Reformation

THE NEW SHAPE OF AMERICAN RELIGION. By Martin E. Marty. Harper & Bros. 180 pp. $3.50.

THE STATURE OF MAN. By Colin Wilson. Houghton Mifflin Co. 171 pp. $3.

Gabriel Vahanian

WILL RELIGION survive its revival? This can be said to be the question to which Martin E. Marty devotes *The New Shape of American Religion.* More precisely, the author is concerned with the ability of Protestantism to survive the recent upsurge of religiosity generally described as a revival. Mr. Marty is an associate editor of *The Christian Century*, a Protestant journal. In this book, he approaches his subject with the advantage of a thorough and practical knowledge of the contemporary situation and its religious antecedents in the history of American culture. He is concerned primarily with Protestantism's entanglement in the present mess of religiosity and its latent capacity (or what is left of it) for resilience or reform. The author ends his book with a call for Protestants to relearn the meaning of their faith and to reshape it according to the new cultural situation of this century. It is obvious that Mr. Marty considers the now defunct resurgence of religiosity as another in a series of Protestant capitulations. Accordingly, his final plea is for a new Reformation which would fully recognize the present conjuncture of religious and cultural realities; i.e., this new Reformation should face the religious pluralism and the extensive industrial urbanization, the character and patterns of which have not been dominated by Protestantism.

TO BEGIN WITH, Mr. Marty notes that in the last decade we witnessed, not a revival of religion, but only of an *interest* in religion. The religiosity which was thus stirred up did not represent Protestantism only; it also included Judaism and Roman Catholicism — *and* something which was not manifestly Jewish, or Catholic, or Protestant and can only be referred to here as religion-in-general. In fact, this last, amorphous group included elements from the traditional faiths; it cut across confessional boundaries, and was singularly affected by religionitis or "divine-human coziness." The author even points out that this group actually constitutes a sort of established religion.

In the second place, Mr. Marty observes that each turning point of American Protestantism has been equally indicative of the erosion and corrosion that have resulted in its present soullessness. The more important of these turning points are, in terms of our present concern, the Great Awakening of the mid-eighteenth century and the latest revival of interest in religion. The Great Awakening, as Robert Ellis Thompson remarked in 1895, "terminated the Puritan and inaugurated the Pietist or Methodist age of American Church History." It marked the transition from an emphasis on the sovereignty of God to one on the perfectibility of man, self-salvation and progress.

The revival of the 1950s, Mr. Marty adds, "is terminating the Pietist age and inaugurating . . . a post-Protestant age." Each time, classical Protestantism was seriously defaced and lost some of its nerve. Each time, as well as during various intermediate revivals, it abdicated some of its essential tenets. And this time, it has capitulated to the Baals of religiosity whose principal characteristics in this nascent post-Protestant age are a packaged God, interchangeable and mass-tailored men, and togetherness instead of true community. Protestantism must face one major fact in this new situation: that while "the 'old shape' of American religion was basically Protestant . . . , whatever else it includes, the 'new shape' of American religion is not basically Protestant." Mr. Marty does not bemoan the resultant religious pluralism: for him, this pluralism goes back to the founding of the American state.

In the third place, *The New Shape of American Religion* offers its readers more than a clever and irreverent analysis or exposé of collective and private religionitis. It also suggests remedies and a strategy for a counteroffensive. Protestantism (and other faiths, too) must "put up or shut up." Mr. Marty's proposals generally consist of a return to the sources — Biblical faith and classical Protestantism. Concretely, they center in the necessity of a theological renascence which, for the sake of our present world, would clarify the Biblical meaning of God, man and community.

This needful task was one which faced the forebears of Protestantism. It now faces their spiritual heirs. In the words of the author, the question is, Can Protestantism "be expected to take an ancient road in a new day"? But the problem is not so simple. The Reformation of the sixteenth century took place in a dissimilar context. Whether ecclesiastical or social, spiritual or secular, the structures it affected, rearranged or re-defined, were basically the embodiment of a Christian purpose and way of life. The novelty of the situation affecting American religion today is not merely its post-Protestant aspect. Even more important is the fact that the cultural setting is that of a post-Christian era. Not only ceremonies and rituals, i.e., externals, are put into question. The faith itself has been undermined and must show its relevance, if it can.

IT MAY SEEM STRANGE that Colin Wilson's *The Stature of Man* is reviewed together with Martin Marty's book. To be sure, there is something coincidental about this. But it also happens that Colin Wilson deals with the vanishing hero or, one might say, the packaged man, whereas Mr. Marty deals with the packaged God. Human or divine, packaged goods can best come in standard sizes only, as every one has been able to observe in our chain stores.

Colin Wilson's book is disappointing, primarily because the author relies too heavily on the works of others, such as William H. Whyte's *The Organization Man,* David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*, on the literature of existentialism and selected novels and plays. In *The Stature of Man*, the lines of thought drawn from these various sources are not really developed much further. Sometimes, they even rely on a rather uncritical appropriation of these sources. For example, Colin Wilson tends to regard as gospel truth the working hypothesis enunciated by William H. Whyte in the concept of "the Protestant Ethic," which in turn was based on Max Weber's analysis of the relation between Calvinism and capitalism.

Mr. Wilson intends to show the "fallacy of insignificance" in which contemporary man has been hoodwinked to

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believe. The disappearance of the hero is our cultural heresy, just as it could be contended that the death of God is our religious heresy, although there is no need to establish a relation between these two heresies. At any rate, it is apparent that Colin Wilson does not concern himself with the possibility of any relation. This is all right — unless we wish the author had gone more deeply to the roots of our malaise.

Indeed, Colin Wilson does not realize what Martin Marty observes so clearly. The religiosity of modern man and the facelessness of the modern crowd are both expressions of the same heresy — call it religious or secular. For it is a fact that the communal dimension of existence was always taken for granted in the past. From the time of Biblical thought until the Reformation, man was always defined as man-in-community. Against such a background the hero was perhaps a possibility if only because individuality stemmed directly from the sense of communion and community. Today's method of adjustment has reversed the order. Togetherness or collectivism has therefore become its goal, but neither can ever reveal more than the addition of one human island to another.

But he who sends, or listens to a warning — and as such *The Stature of Man* is welcome — has already ceased to be an island; he is neither a conformist nor a non-conformist — those two *falsely* heretical postures of our age.

Ignorant, Soulless and Amateur

NAME AND ADDRESS: An Autobiography. By T. S. Matthews. Simon & Schuster. 309 pp. $4.50.

David Cort

THE TONE of the confessional is probably proper for reformed drunks and drug addicts. But things have gone too far when this same accent dominates the autobiography of the distinguished son of a rich Episcopalian bishop and a member of the Procter & Gamble dynasty, graduate of Princeton and Oxford, a former editor of *The New Republic* and former managing editor of *Time*: T. S. Matthews. He has nothing very serious to confess except a dislike of *Time* and Henry Luce. His Midwestern bourgeois childhood was not even as dramatic as James Thurber's. Nice people will find it interesting and improving but I shall skip it, to zero in on his Time, Inc. section, which seems to have motivated the whole opus.

For this book summons me with a blaze of trumpets to a novel and overdue function — the defense of Time, Inc. When Matthews writes: "... strutting little venture . . . scarecrow style . . . snook-cockery . . . ludicrous, exhibitionistic but arresting dialect of journalese . . . slickness, smartness, bluff . . . ," it is time for the ranks to close. He tells us that at every stage of his career on *Time*, he blushed, flinched and held back, hating each more elevated prostitution while bowing to his shameful fate, like a character in *Candide*.

This is a slander on a number of able, honorable men of the thirties who liked their *Time* jobs. It assumes the virtue of the American intellectual position that *Time* was a tissue of deliberate lies. The difficulties involved in persuading these men to compose a book of lies would have been so enormous as to be laughable. The American intellectuals of the thirties were themselves confused; and this confusion itself determined much *Time* policy, made of it a choice of opposites. *Time* naturally tried to speak with one voice, or at least seem to. But it candidly reflected the world of the people who wrote it — young, talented, irresponsible, upper-middle class, somewhat pompous. They were generally left to their own devices; certainly I was.

I speak here only of what I know; I haven't read *Time* in fifteen years. But Matthews' maudlin confession can be put more fully into perspective. What he did not know was that in those days one small, prolific core of writers, who never mentioned the fact, were thoroughly aware that a larger group had no idea what Time, Inc. was all about. The larger group, headed by Luce, included Matthews. The smaller numbered at least Martin, Billings, Busch, Fraser, Gottfried, et al. Others fell part way in both. These others were nice people; nobody wanted to hurt their feelings; and they were loaded with feelings.

Time was directed at the literate Philistine reader, who was assumed to be in such a hurry that only great charm and provocativeness could stop him long enough to read anything. The reader's attention was all-important; the subject quite secondary; and it was best if the writer, until just before he read the research, had been as ignorant as the reader. The success of this method derives from the psychological truth that the first impact of information on any mind is always more vivid than any follow-up. For example, if you have never before heard that Nero was a much-beloved Emperor who for a thousand years was expected to return to the Romans, this news will astound you and would be considered "*Time*-worthy." But if, as a historian, you had always known it, you would not even think to mention it. And yet it is a very instructive, if highly cynical, fact.

Matthews' error is shown quite clearly when he describes his operations as editor of the "back-of-the-book" critical departments of *Time*. He promptly inquired into the souls, sincerities and scholarships of his staff and set about making these departments really professional. This sounds all right but it was in fact all wrong. He was merely proving that he thought he was still on *The New Republic*.

THE true secret of Time, Inc., if anything so blatant can be called a secret (and yet this one evidently still is), is that it must remain ignorant, soulless and amateur. When it tries to be professional, it violates its own format and becomes an enormity. Matthews' resolve to please God and the professionals could lead nowhere except to *Time's* decadence. And one cannot suppose that he got God and the professionals to read even the back end of the magazine.

Matthews' group were so intent on the soul business that they even descended on Luce to inquire into his soul. Matthews describes this wonderful scene (a pack of naive hounds baying on the trail of an invisible or non-existent fox) which, in fictional form, appeared in Wertenbaker's *The Death of Kings*. I need hardly add that as an amateur I laughed all the way through both versions of the scene, but not quite happily, for it is saddening to watch decent men pour their hearts down a drain. Their only sin had been to miss the whole point of Time, Inc., which did not want their souls.

The word "amateur" here is not used disdainfully. I accept Peter Viereck's use of it in *Contact*, February, 1960: "An amateur is the non-technician: not yet deprived of creative imagination by expertese." He mentions a Professor Albert Rapp, a professional scholar in the field of humor (!), who accused Al Capp, the creator of "Li'l Abner," of "amateur statements" about humor and a lack of "professional status."

A professional is either a parrot or a sphinx; he knows either "everything" or

DAVID CORT'S latest book, Is There an American in the House?, *has recently been published by Macmillan.*

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"nothing." An amateur is somebody you can talk to; he has no excuse for pomposity, and very little for obscurantism. He would just as soon tear up the textbook. To a professional, that would be like tearing himself apart.

To a professional like Matthews it was necessarily important to know how Luce's soul read. The amateurs wanted to know as little about Luce's soul as they could possibly arrange. The amateurs were always working like hell; the professionals were arranging little meetings of minds. And so, no doubt, it always goes everywhere. And the amateurs generally go home at 6. P.M. on the dot with a clear conscience.

Maybe it was not too important that Matthews, the professional, was managing editor of *Time* from 1943 to 1949. Consider the period: wartime censorship, the massive crushing of the Axis, the boasts of the Pentagon, the cross-eyed dealings with Russia, the liquidation of the British Empire, the loss of Central Europe and China; what a moment of untruth! It was not a time for amateurs, as Churchill retired. Significantly Matthews does not mention any great journalistic decisions, triumphs or defeats. Probably there were none.

There is, finally, one other way in which the amateurs and professionals divide. After the professionals leave Time, Inc., they usually suffer a bitter trauma. They all have fascinating, if confusing, stories of how they were betrayed. The amateurs, on the other hand, have dry eyes. They feel that Time, Inc. owes them nothing; and they owe Time, Inc. nothing. When they meet, they do not repudiate the past but neither do they linger on it. They can distinguish between God and Caesar.

A Work of Conscience

THE SURVEYOR. By Truman Nelson. Doubleday & Co. 667 pp. $5.95.

Charles H. Foster

THE SURVEYOR confronts us with a double paradox: it is not only a historical novel which is a work of art; it is a historical novel from which the historians will be obliged to learn. They have now for many years found the Pottawatomie murders ordered by John Brown such glaring proof of his fanaticism and insanity that they have not placed them in meaningful historical sequence. But Truman Nelson, by thoroughly immersing himself in the whole body of political and abolition literature of a century ago, and by inquiring into all available published and unpublished sources on Brown and Kansas, supplemented by assistance from the living Brown authorities, both pro and con, has been able to re-create Kansas in all its political, social, religious, economic, emotional and even geographical relations, and to see the Pottawatomie murders, in Brown's context, as a cruel necessity. The fundamental clue is, obviously, the identity of the victims, whom Nelson has discovered to have been officials of Judge Cato's bogus court about to indict the Free State leaders for high treason. We must, however, experience the whole drama acted out between unawed self-will and mean submission, to borrow a perception from John Jay Chapman on our slavery crisis, to appreciate the cogency of Nelson's interpretation: no summary will suffice.

John Brown is the spiritual, the intellectual, the emotional center of *The Surveyor*. Benét in *John Brown's Body* and Ehrlich in *God's Angry Man*, like their predecessors with the exception of Thoreau, lacked both the knowledge of Brown and the imaginative force to create the monolithic and perfectly convincing human being who talks and acts his way through *The Surveyor*, "absolutely bereft of any of the soft confidences of the mystic, being as literal, tough-minded, and anarchic as nature itself."

Nelson's Brown is no smoothed down martyr figure such as we encounter in most of the sermons after Brown's execution. To adapt a remark from Thoreau, Nelson has been engaged in driving the phenomenon of John Brown into a corner and if it proved mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it and publish its meanness to the world, or if it were sublime, "to know it by experience, and to be able to give a true account of it. . . ." He stands face to face with every negative aspect of Brown's character: the recklessness, the intransigence, the severity, the cruelty, the fanaticism.

If one factor more than another lies at the root of Nelson's achievement, it may well be his unprecedented ability to speak for Brown with the dignity, the economy, the awful simplicity and compressed violence we find in his hero's letters and speeches. But this imaginative identification is simply the outer sign of a more profound commitment to the old man and his radical principles, the militant democracy and the hatred of discrimination in every form. Finally we must recognize that *The Surveyor* is not only history and literature: it is a work of conscience.

CHARLES H. FOSTER is the author of The Rungless Ladder: Harriet Beecher Stowe and New England Puritanism *(Duke University Press), and is at work on* The Secret Six: John Brown's Aiders and Abettors. *Mr. Foster is a member of the English faculty of the University of Minnesota.*

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Science

TWENTY-THREE years ago in *Philosophy and the Physicists* (Dover, $1.65), L. Susan Stebbing attacked the idealistic tendencies of Sir Arthur Eddington and Sir James Jeans. Her questions and ideas are still stimulating and useful, but newer theoretical and technological developments which have brought nuclear warfare within the domain of what Bertrand Russell calls "feasible lunacy" have now shifted attention to the bearing of physics on politics and ethics. Lord Russell's *Common Sense and Nuclear War* (Simon & Schuster, $1) eloquently and lucidly argues that victory in the traditional sense is not possible in nuclear war, that a universal danger requires international cooperation and that such an international authority as he considers necessary can be established despite the gravest difficulties. A bare directness gives his statement of the case the impact of Swift's casual and modest proposal, and though brinkmanship is currently displaced by the spirit of Camp David, Lord Russell's book loses none of its urgency in the reprint.

Several books in the history and procedures of science reinforce the point that solutions will come slowly. *The Birth of a New Physics* by I. Bernard Cohen (Anchor, 95c) is an exposition of the new physics, particularly the Newtonian dynamics of the *Principia* of 1687, that developed slowly by difficult stages from Copernicus' generally conservative physics of 1543. Cohen has the beautiful and exciting clarity of able simplification. Herbert Butterfield, in *The Origins of Modern Science 1300-1800* (Macmillan, $1.25) explains more relationships and implications. He be-

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gins with the theory of impetus, which worked against the animism still suggested in expressions like "Water seeks its level," and shows how the dissemination of conflicting ancient authorities raised doubts of Aristotle and encouraged intellectual enterprise. Even those with the best opportunities, such as the dissectors in anatomy classes, tended none the less to see what they expected, not what they found. The excitement inherent in Butterfield's twelve essays rises largely from his masterful combination of the arts and sciences. He is a scientist, a historian of ideas and a humanist, a comfortable partner to E. M. W. Tillyard, whose compact and illuminating synthesis *The Elizabethan World Picture* (Modern Library, 95c) shows the old science and the new mixing in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century English literature. These are stirring histories which should increase understanding of our own time and patience with its problems.

From Magic to Science by Charles Singer (Dover, $2). Seven meaty essays on Roman and medieval science, heavily illustrated.

Also: *Why Smash Atoms?* by A. K. Solomon (Penguin, 95c), written in 1940 just after accomplishment of uranium fission, explains the theoretical value of atom smashing and looks forward to numerous developments, one of which Amasa S. Bishop explains in *Project Sherwood: The U.S. Program in Controlled Fusion* (Anchor, $1.25). Both profusely illustrated, for informed laymen.

Rigorous but manageable: *De Magnete* (1600) by William Gilbert, translated by P. F. Mottelay (Dover, $2); basic to modern theory of magnetism and electricity. *The Idea of Nature* by R. G. Collingwood (Galaxy, $1.25). *The Logic of Modern Physics* by P. W. Bridgman (Macmillan, $1.25). *Doubt and Certainty in Science: A Biologist's Reflection on the Brain* by J. Z. Young (Galaxy, $1.50).

Arts and Letters

Roots of Contemporary American Architecture, Lewis Mumford, editor, (Evergreen, $2.95) and *Frank Lloyd Wright on Architecture, Selected Writings (1894-1940)*, Frederick Gutheim, editor (Universal, $1.65). Both collections view architecture as the reflection of a way of life, Mumford's in an orderly survey, designed for students but absorbing for general readers. Wright's papers and speeches by themselves are occasionally cryptic and are hard to read in a severe photographic reduction of the original page.

The Modern Theatre, volume 6, Eric Bentley, editor (Anchor, 95c). Five plays that treat "the Individual versus the Collectivity" close out an excellent international non-academic anthology representing attacks against convention by the next writers below Ibsen, Shaw, O'Neill.

Orlando by Virginia Woolf (Signet, 50c). The fanciful autobiography including a new afterword by Elizabeth Bowen and the pictures of the first edition.

Almost simultaneously come three reissues of *The Ambassadors* by Henry James: the Harper text of 1903, not edited, apparently, but introduced by Bergen Evans (Premier, 50c); the New York edition of 1907-1909, edited by F. W. Dupee (Rinehart, $1.25); and the Methuen edition of 1903, edited by R. W. Stallman (Signet, 50c). The Signet text is particularly interesting, Rinehart includes James's preface and exemplary appendices, and both are pleasing physically.

The Scribner Library, handsome reissues by the original publisher, now includes Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Edith Wharton and Wolfe. Scribner should establish precise authority for its texts, probably in notes on the copyright pages.

As I Forget

for David Schubert (1913-1946)

I rummaged for that thought again,
that feeling and that image where,
as it burst forth, my life began.

The dead, I said, as others knew,
alone can tell us what we need
to learn; precisely as they owe

what life they now enjoy to us,
in turning to them we must come
much more alive and thereby blessed,

their gathered wisdom on us. Sure
of it, I sought to struggle back.
But fighting every nimble pleasure

of forgetting hemmed the way,
I soon despaired of meeting him
who might have told me, passing day,

how to withstand these temptings and
deceits by how much he had paid.
I soon despaired, my groping hand

huge with emptiness. And then
I said, Is only loss, its strength
renewed by all, one steady dun,

the thing I have to learn, and there
that image, feeling, thought embraces
me with grave and finished air?

Though pansies, lionhearted scholars,
ponder sorrow, in his words,
they utter gaiety and splendor.

Of blooms a girl the mignonette
engrossing me, I have him, am him,
and most of all, as I forget.

T. Weiss

Ancien Régime

The Grand Mademoiselle by Francis Steegmuller (Anchor, $1.25). Excellent biography of a tremendously wealthy first cousin of Louis XIV who, as a participant in the Fronde and a victim of court intrigue, learned well the meaning of man's — and a princess' — *grandeur et misère.*

Grey Eminence by Aldous Huxley (Meridian, $1.45). Realistic portrait of Richelieu's confidant, Father Joseph, an energumen who with relentless piety intrigued for the Catholic interest in Europe and for a new Crusade.

The Devils of Loudun by Aldous Huxley (Harper, $1.75). Vivid account of the psychological aberrations and the controversies surrounding the priest Urbain Grandier, his "bewitching" of the nuns of an Ursuline convent and his burning at the stake in Richelieu's France.

Maxims of François de Rochefoucauld (Penguin, 85c). L. W. Tancock newly translates the full 641 "penetrating and disconcerting" observations and sensitively catches relevant features of Louis XIV's France in the introduction.

Jean Racine: Five Plays, a new blank verse translation with an introduction by Kenneth Muir (Hill & Wang, $1.95). Intensely concentrated seventeenth-century classical tragedy, with some oblique reflections on the times.

Molière: The Man Seen Through the Plays by Ramon Fernandes (Hill & Wang, $1.25). *La Vie de Molière* of 1929, admirably compact, rapid and penetrating regarding Molière and comedy in general.

Miscellaneous

Of Societies and Men by Caryl P. Haskins (Compass, $1.45). A biologist on social evolution and human organization, emphasizing a subtle continuity in the evolution of both man and society. An impressive synthesis.

Man, Culture and Society, Henry L. Shapiro, editor (Galaxy, $2.25). Sixteen essays by specialists which constitute an exceptionally readable general anthropology.

The Evolution of Political Thought by C. Northcote Parkinson (Compass, $1.65). Organized by forms of government — monarchy, oligarchy, democracy, dictatorship — not chronologically. Witty, scholarly, provocative.

At Your Druggist's: *The Don Flows Home to the Sea* by Mikhail Sholokhov

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(Signet, 75c). *Good Reading*, 1960 edition, J. Sherwood Weber, editor (Mentor, 75c). *The Miracle of Language* by Charlton Laird (Premier, 50c). *D Day the Sixth of June, 1944* by David Howarth (Pyramid, 50c). *The Memoirs of Field-Marshall Montgomery*, (Signet, 75c). *Thérèse Raquin* by Emile Zola (Bantam, 50c). *A Hazard of New Fortunes* by William Dean Howells (Bantam, 75c).

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

NOWADAYS there is so little theatre on Broadway that everything presented in a playhouse by stage actors is offered as something that calls for dramatic criticism.

So *Dear Liar* (Billy Rose Theatre), an adaptation by Jerome Kilty of the correspondence between the actress Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Bernard Shaw, is delivered (not impersonated) by Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne with some "décor" by Donald Oenslager, dresses by Cecil Beaton and a touch of music by Sol Kaplan. It is all pleasantly civilized.

Mr. Aherne reads with verve, Miss Cornell with glamorized gentility. Shaw's prose is here as elsewhere agile, bouncing and winningly conceited. Shaw professed to be rapturous about Mrs. Pat, but he was only conning her, having some fun expressing himself, and at the same time assuring himself of the services of an actress he needed for *Pygmalion*.

The substance of the correspondence therefore is not romantic but mostly a matter of shrewd show business on its more cultivated level. What we chiefly get is theatrical history of the not so remote past — with many references to Beerbohm Tree, Granville Barker, Ellen Terry, John Gielgud, the Theatre Guild, Alexander Woollcott.

Shaw's disgust with the idiocy of mankind as manifested in war, his description of his mother's cremation — eloquently written but emotionally ambiguous — and his toughness about money produce passages of special interest. The Shavian personality that emerges is not always as attractive as one might wish.

AT THE MOMENT of this writing Ionesco's *The Killer* (Seven Arts Theatre) is being advertised as "Last five times. Unless!" To induce playgoers to see it, the advertisement goes on: "Walter Kerr liked the first act, Atkinson the first two acts, Watts liked all of it," etc. It seems to me a sorry thing that off-Broadway must now use Broadway methods to attract patronage.

It should be obvious when one presents such a play as this first full-length work by Ionesco that one is not trying to compete with *The Music Man* and *The Miracle Worker*. If a playgoer seeks to enjoy the individual voice of a contemporary writer rather than the synthetic amusement of Times Square, he must attend such a play as *The Killer* no matter which critic liked what in the play. In the days of O'Neill's first appearance I went to all his plays — and paid for my tickets — regardless of the notices or the plays' particular merits or faults.

Not that *The Killer* is a masterpiece, but it is an interesting work by a playwright who is definitely a figure in today's theatre world. My review of the original production in Paris (*The Nation*, June 20, 1959) said in part, *The Killer* "is theatrically intriguing in a certain terrifying (or merely bizarre) comedy vein — partly symbolic, hysterically voluble, and quite clear if you do not expect everything you see in the theatre to be literal and explicit."

In the New York production Hiram Sherman is once again a pleasure to see by virtue of his affable intelligence and his cleanness of spirit — not to mention the excellence of his speech.

GORE VIDAL'S *The Best Man* (Morosco) is a successfully slick affair in the comedy vein of sophisticated chitchat in a Madison Avenue bar. There are numerous topical allusions — the play is nothing if not up to the minute — to Nixon and his television spaniel, to Adlai Stevenson, Henry Luce, Joe McCarthy, Jack Kennedy and the Catholic vote, etc. (It is amazing how these references to the current scene act as a kind of laughing gas on the audience; it seems to be highly stimulated by all reference in the theatre to familiar names and matters.) But as with *The Gang's All Here* — *The Best Man* is better written and more entertaining — one can hardly credit the show with anything but oblique political meaning or value.

Consider the plot. Senator Cantwell, a candidate for Presidential nomination, is a callous opportunist who threatens to destroy his rival's chances by circulating a document implying that that gentleman is mentally unstable. The would-be nominee thus threatened, a millionaire intellectual and former Secretary of State named William Russell, is advised by his partisans — including an ex-President — to expose an old army scandal in which Cantwell was alleged to have indulged in homosexual pastime. Russell concludes that since Cantwell is a scoundrel and since he, Russell, for a moment considered the use of blackmail to demolish him, neither should have the nomination. Russell releases his votes to a dark horse of no conspicuous character.

What is suggested — but never actually said — is that intellectuals are men who cannot wield power effectively in American politics (they are too thin-skinned and removed from the masses), and that rascals — especially stupid ones — ought also to be excluded. But nonentities given political responsibility may possibly serve our purposes quite adequately.

This is hardly to be taken seriously as political thought. And while the play makes some sly comment on the appalling vulgarity, chicanery and emptiness of our party politics, it is more spoof than satire. It is not truly cutting; it lacks

Grosser Show

"Paintings of Morocco," a show of recent work by Maurice Grosser, is on exhibition at the Carstairs Gallery in New York until April 23.

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resentment. Its tickle is more readily felt than its scratch.

The production is expert, the whole cast superior and the acting of Melvyn Douglas, Lee Tracy, Frank Lovejoy, Kathleen McGuire, Ruth McDevitt, Graham Jarvis, is in the best manner of American journalistic realism.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

ELLIOTT CARTER'S *Second String Quartet* (1959), which was given its world-première performance by the Juilliard String Quartet in their home auditorium at the Juilliard School of Music, received from the morning newspaper critics the most extravagant accolade that has been enjoyed by a serious American composition in recent memory. *The New York Times* offered an entire Sunday column in praise of the work and its composer; Mr. Carter must be a very happy man this spring. Since he is one of our most dignified and careful composers, I am pleased for him, even though I did not find in his latest work all the rewards that were evident to these other gentlemen.

In both of the string quartets which Mr. Carter has added to his catalogue in the past decade, complex and highly original technical processes have held such a central position that they almost seemed to be the motive for the music. The *First String Quartet* was founded on an immensely subtle and cerebralized kind of written-out rubato which, if I understand it correctly, put rhythmic development at the very core of the compositional process, and sought to make the stretchings or contractings of given rhythmic materials a major implement toward expression. William Glock, the British critic, aptly calls this process "metrical modulation."

In his *Second String Quartet,* the composer worked by a different plan, one that aimed to individualize the four instruments by giving each "a special set of melodic and harmonic intervals and rhythms that result in four different patterns of slow and fast tempi with associated types of expression. Thus, four different strands of musical material of contrasting character are developed simultaneously throughout the work." The first violin's material is made up primarily of intervals of the minor third, perfect fifth and major ninth; the second violin features major thirds, major sixths and sevenths; etc. The *Quartet* is, in other words, schematized and controlled to an inordinately high degree.

There is nothing wrong with control in a work of art. But music produced according to a rigid pre-formed *schema* is, to my mind, subject to all sorts of dangers, not the least of which is the production of pieces which are dogmatically "about" music rather than being music itself. With a piece as complex and high-minded as Carter's *Second String Quartet,* it would be foolhardy to say finally that true life and expressivity were lacking, or that it was an example of twentieth-century scholasticism, until one had heard it a number of times. On the basis of a single hearing, however, I will say that the *Quartet* did not prove itself to be alive. It seemed far longer than its twenty-one minutes, and that is not a good sign. Its constant rhythmic activity gave an impression of monotony. And at the climax, in which all four instruments played in a fair frenzy on what seemed to be unrelated ideas, I found myself faintly embarrassed, as if I were witnessing a family argument in which four people were shouting about four different things, without listening to one another at all. Whether this sense of almost comical confusion would disappear when one became more familiar with the *Quartet,* I cannot say. Other sections of the work did not, happily, elicit the same response.

It will interest me to hear the Carter *Second String Quartet* on subsequent occasions and to discover whether my profound reservations are well taken. We owe it to a man of Carter's stature to extend at least a modicum of faith that he knows what he is doing and that his ideas will prove themselves in the long run.

The Carter *First String Quartet* is already something of a monument in the realm of contemporary American chamber music. For readers who are interested in hearing a recording of it, the work is available on Columbia's ML-5104, played by the Walden Quartet. I will be surprised if the *Second* does not find its way to the recording studio before long.

THE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SOCIETY has discovered a handsome and acoustically delicious home for its chamber music concerts in the Caspary Hall of the Rockefeller Institute, a new auditorium on the East Side of Manhattan. Shaped like a half-sphere, with a semi-circular arrangement of tiered seats on the interior, and a beautiful podium backed by modernistic reflective surfaces, the hall is a delight to the senses, and an unusually hospitable place in which to listen to music.

The Society's recent program offered, in its first half, a group of four works for violin and harpsichord, played by the Brink-Pinkham Duo (composer-harpsichordist Daniel Pinkham and violinist Robert Brink) and one for celesta and harpsichord, the *Concerto for Celesta and Harpsichord Soli,* composed by Mr. Pinkham. The second half consisted of works composed on and for the tape recorder and a series of madrigals by Halsey Stevens, Avery Claflin, Daniel Pinkham, Ned Rorem, Paul Hindemith and Goffredo Petrassi, which were sung by the Low Madrigal Singers. Edward Low, the conductor, had been the Celesta player in the Pinkham *Concerto.*

The program was generally characterized by unpretentious charm, intelligence and taste. The two works by Pinkham (the *Concerto* and a *Cantilena and Capriccio)* were impressive for their delicate sonority values and their restraint. The *Duet for Violin and Harpsichord* by Alan Hovhaness was heartier than I would have expected so evanescent a work to be. A *Short Sonata* by John Bavicchi and the *Fantasia for Violin and Harpsichord* by Ervin Henning were relatively more tensile in their melodic and harmonic usage than the other works, and less dependent upon instrumental sonority. They shared the qualities of cleanliness and refinement which were assets of the Hovhaness and Pinkham works.

The latter half of the program, though interesting, was less substantial than the first. Tape pieces by Alwin Nikolais and Richard Maxfield were pleasant, and their presentation was distinctly enhanced by the surroundings of Caspary Hall at half-light. But, compared with really ambitious attempts in the tape-music field, such as those by Varese, they could only be called *divertissements.* The final group on the program, the contemporary madrigals, was nicely sung by the Low ensemble, and surprisingly distinguished by some "nonsense" settings by Petrassi. I am not a devotee of nonsense songs, but this little group had both charm and musical sophistication. Hindemith's *Mitwelt, An eine Tote* and *Fruehling* were bores, but tentative performances may have contributed to this effect.

The *Concerto for Celesta and Harpsichord Soli* and the *Cantilena and Capriccio,* by Pinkham, with the *Duet for Violin and Harpsichord* by Hovhaness, and with several short pieces by Henry Cowell, are all available on Composers Recordings, Inc. CRI 109.

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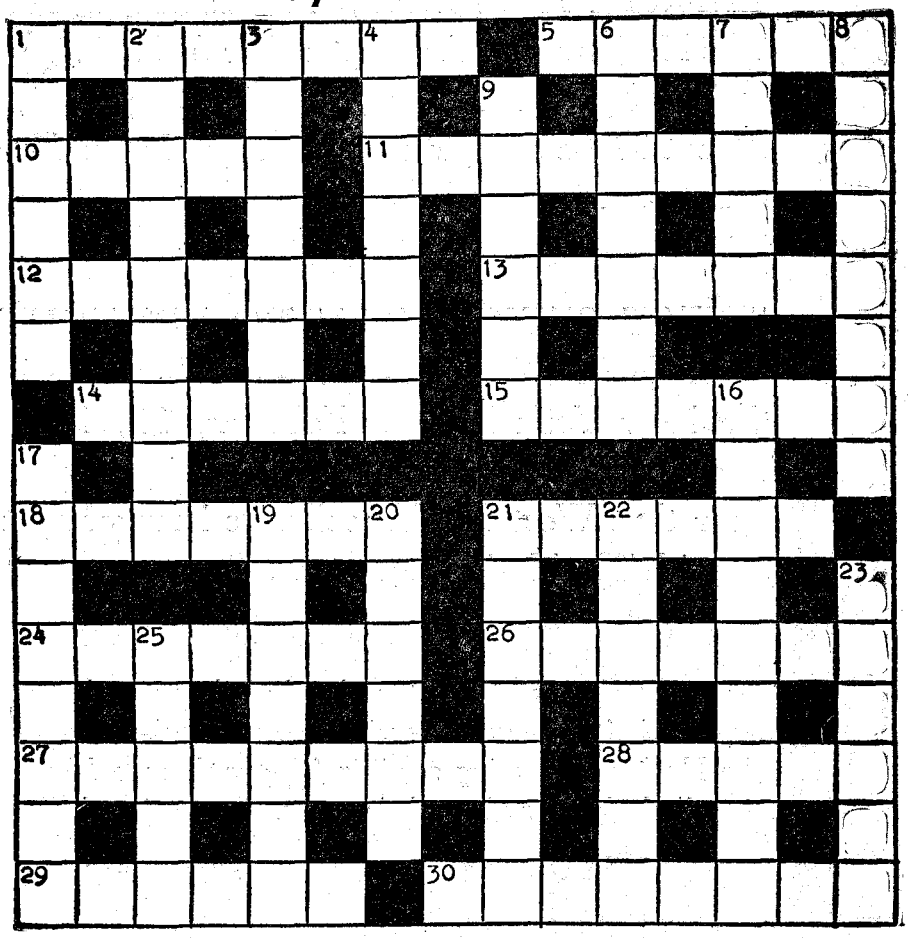
Crossword Puzzle No. 863

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 13 An usher might for a time on air. (4-4, 7)
5 Rubber might, suggesting a twist on top. (6)
10 This shortly might be Baum's land, or a measure of it. (5)
11 Found where the men date single girls, which would be singularly correct. (9)
12 and 24 A disclaimer going by what holds the log? (7, 3, 4)
13 See 1 across
14 Like fleece, it comes high. (6)
15 and 26 Emit a political slogan? (4, 3, 1, 6)
18 Would this describe a situation where things might be obtuse, or just right? (7)
21 Graduate an old naval type? It might be hard! (6)
26 See 12
26 See 15
27 Back-slid. (9)
28 Weaver's program might include them, as it largely appears. (5)
29 If this musician were more noisy, he could play a woodwind. (6)
30 Mrs. Aster provides a certain amount of support to the members.

DOWN:

1 They should display togetherness.
2 Grey's American. (9)
3 One might produce a reel, it seems, in the studio. (7)
4 Gets one tooth for another? (7)
6 Approximately 3½ by 7 feet, in case of the average twin. (7)
7 Change 3 that is missing for a change! (5)
8 Could it be made with a hard pencil? It's a cinch! (4, 4)
9 The locale of the "Tempest" occasionally referred to is not Shakespeare's. (6)
16 Criminal's debt to society? It's criminal! (9)
17 Over-spoken, but simple. (8)
19 Head honors, no doubt. (7)
20 Smart in the manner of something which might scratch the surface. (6)
21 What killed Adonis has a bloody uprising, but one might get on! (7)
22 One might learn the result of a wound almost has a hole in the middle of it. (7)
23 Doesn't go on when the beginning of the century makes things less painful. (6)
25 This stops bleeding, therefore might suit to a T. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 862

ACROSS: 1 Citizen soldier; 9 Our Town; 10 Nightly; 12 Amenable; 14 Explain; 15 Acerb; 17 Tipsy; 19 Hoarder; 23 Beasts; 25 Shut out; 26 and 21 Wishful thinking; 27 Darning needles.
DOWN: 1 Crow's nest; 2 Torture; 3 Zoography; 4 None; 5 Ornamental; 6 Dig in; 7 Eatable; 8 Lyre; 13 and 11 Washington Square; 15 Addressee; 16 Bath salts; 18 Primula; 20 Restful; 21 Test; 22 Known; 24 Swan.

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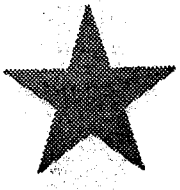

18 Months Ahead

"WAR BY ACCIDENT," reads a headline on **The Nation** cover for September 6, 1958. The article, by Carl Dreher, describes a peril inherent in the complex technology of a nuclear arms race.

"WEST SEEKS PLAN TO PREVENT WAR BY ACCIDENT," reads a headline in the New York Post of February 23, 1960. The AP dispatch under the headline makes clear that Western chancelleries have caught up with **The Nation's** concern.

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